

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen,  
And that his soule may be as damnd and blacke  
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staves,  
This Phyfick but prolongs thy sickly dayes: *Exit.*

*King.* My words flie vp, my thoughts remaine below  
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen go. *Exit.*

*Enter Gertrard and Polonius.*

*Polo.* A will come strait; look you lay home to him,  
Tell him his pranks haue bin too broad to beare with,  
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene  
Much heat and him, Ile silence me euen heere,  
Pray you be round.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ger.* Ile waite you, feare me not,  
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

*Ham.* Now mother, what's the matter?

*Ger.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother you haue my father much offended.

*Ger.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go go, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Ger.* Why how now Hamlet?

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Ger.* Haue you forgot me?

*Ham.* No by Rood not so,

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,  
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

*Ger.* Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,  
You go not till I set you vp a Glasse

Where you may see the most part of you.

*Ger.* What wilt thou do, thou wilt not murther me?  
Helpe hoe.

*Polo.* What hoe helpe.

*Ham.* How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

*Pol.* O I am slaine.

*Ger.* O me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay I know not, is it the King?

*Ger.*

## Prince of

*Ger.* O what a rash and

*Ham.* A bloudie deed, al  
As kill a King, and marrie w

*Ger.* As kill a King.

*Ham.* I Lady it was my v  
Thou wretched, rash, intruc

I tooke thee for thy better, t  
Thou find'st to be too busie i

Leaue wringing of your har  
And let me wring your hear

If it be made of penetrable f  
If damned custome haue nor

That it be prooffe and bulwa

*Ger.* What haue I done,  
In noife so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act  
That blurres the grace and b

Cals vertue Hypocrite, takes  
From the faire forehead of a

And sets a blister there, mak  
As false as Dicers oathes, Oh

As from the body of contras  
The very soule: and sweet R

A rapsodie of words; heauen  
Ore this solidiry and compo

With heated visage, as agai  
Is thought-sick at the act.

*Quee.* Ay me what act?

*Ham.* That rores so lowd  
Looke here vpon this Pictur

The counterfeit presentment  
See what a grace was seated

*Hiperions* carles the front of  
An eie like *Mars*, to threate

A station like the Herald *Me*  
New lighted on a heaue, a ki

A combination and forme in  
Where euey God did seeme

To giue the world assurance